

BURLESQUE BRAWL

by
B. FIELDS



ILLUSTRATED BY STANTON

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Chapter 1

BACKSTAGE PROBLEMS

Sam Tompkins clamped his teeth firmly on the end of his cigar. He was angry. His face was crimson and veins stood out on his neck. A great cloud of grey smoke issued from his mouth as he spoke.

"Dammit," he shouted at the woman who sat at the opposite side of his desk. "I'm in this business to make money, get it. Money! I don't want to lose it. I don't want to give it away. I don't want to throw it away. I want to make it. But I'm not making it. And do you know why? Because of this nonsense that's going on with you and the other girls. Now it's got to stop."

The woman to whom he spoke was called Margo. She was one of the top two headliners at the Vegas Burlesque theatre. Sam Tompkins was the owner and manager of the Vegas. Sam had a reputation for putting on some of the best burlesque shows in California. That is, until now. By all rights his present show should have made

more money than any other show he had ever put on before. His current revue was stocked with more talent than his customers had seen in the past twenty years. The unfortunate fact, however, was that he was getting progressively fewer customers with each performance. The reason for this was simple. The girls who made up the show were feuding violently with one another. They were divided into rival camps and were more concerned with their jealousies and petty grievances than they were with the show itself. Sam didn't know how it started or why — but he did know that he had to stop it or suffer a severe financial loss. He had hoped Margo could help him get the girls in line again.

Margo was one of the top five strippers in the business. Although only 25 years old, she was already well known from coast to coast. Her lush, voluptuous femininity was coupled with dynamic drive and enterprise. She was a trained and skilled dancer, which gave her act a touch of distinction which most of the strippers lacked.

Seeing her, however, one would hardly expect her to be a gifted performer too. Long and full blonde hair shrouded a classically beautiful face. Large almond-shaped eyes glinted with intelligence. A short, aquiline nose perched above full, sensual lips. One might even have accused her mouth of being a trifle too large, but this only seemed to enhance her total attractive-

ness. Her bust reached massive proportions. A full, firm 48 inches jutted above a small and wirey 20-inch waist. Her act, needless to say, was something to behold. Margo was the nearest thing yet created to the perfect woman.

Margo crossed one long leg over the other and shifted her weight in her seat. "Look, Sam," she said, "I'm real sorry about all the trouble that's being caused to this show, but there's nothing I can do about it."

"Well, something better be done about it," said Sam, "or you're out of a job. All of you will be out of a job. Things have gone too far. At first there was just a little jealousy here and there. That was O.K. But now the fights are getting vicious." Sam thought back to the previous week. Two of the girls had had a fight, the consequences of which had left both of them without clothes and had sent one of them to the hospital.

Sam continued. "And always when I try to find out why these things start, I hear your name mentioned or Nina's name. Now, what gives?"

"Why don't you ask Nina?" replied Margo.

"I'm going to ask Nina," said Sam, "but now I'm asking you. What gives between you and her anyway?"

"It's perfectly simple, really," answered Margo. "Nina is two years older than me and has been in the business two years longer. And even though she's got a big name as a stripper, I've got an even bigger one. It galls her. She can't take it. She hated the idea that she had to share top billing with me. So when I started here, she began circulating nasty rumors about me — that I was trying to cut some of the girls out of their jobs by bringing in my own girls. It wasn't true, of course. The trouble really started when she started to sic' her cronies on the girls who were my friends. Remember that cute kid, Helen? Well, Nina made that fat cow Lilly get into a fight with her. Lilly practically tore all of her hair out and left her with black and blue marks for a month. That's when the sides started to be formed — just for the sake of self-protection. So you see, you should really speak to Nina instead of me. She's been trying to louse up my act in every way that she knows."

Sam thought for awhile about the things that Margo had just told him. Of course, Margo was a woman whose superb figure could make most women jealous, but Nina was herself a female of incredible beauty who need not feel that she was a second fiddle to anyone. Nina, a flashing redhead, was every bit as voluptuous as Margo. Although her bust measured 46 inches, a bit below Margo's, Nina's waist was a scant 19 inches. Her hips filled out to a lush 44 inches. Why should

she be jealous of anyone? Perhaps, thought Sam, there was more to this feud than Margo was disclosing.

What was really important to Sam, however, was the fact that the rivalry between Margo and Nina had now involved each and every girl in the entire troupe of twenty girls. There appeared to be ten girls to a side. Among Margo's friends were two other of Sam's top attractions: Jenny and Cherry. Jenny was a cute black-haired girl who did a dynamic Latin-American specialty number. Cherry was something of an old-timer. In her mid-thirties now, Cherry could still give "the boys" something to cheer about. Cherry's bust measured an incredible 50 inches and when she did her "Twist" number she always had her audience stomping for more. The only other girl in the show whose bust could equal that of Cherry, was Lilly. Lilly was Nina's best friend. She too was in her mid-thirties and capitalized on the same kind of act as Cherry had, a circumstance which unfortunately engendered no small amount of additional jealousy between the opposing factions. Nina's next closest friend was a girl named Gwen. She had broken into burlesque recently and therefore although she possessed many glorious attributes, she lacked the needed experience to pose any kind of threat to Nina. The remaining girls in the show were divided equally between the two top stars.

"Margo," Sam finally said, "I'm going to appeal to you as a personal friend. This feuding has

got to stop for the sake of the show. Please try to mend your fences with Nina. I'll speak to her, too. But you two should work together instead of against one another. If we are ever going to pull ourselves out of the red, we're going to need some new kind of specialty number. I'm sure that you and Nina could work something out if you really wanted to, that would pack the customers in here every day."

"All right, Sam," said Margo, "I'll speak to Nina, and see if we can't come to some kind of truce. But you better tell her to leave my girls alone and to stop trying to interfere in their acts."

"Agreed," said Sam. "And at the same time, Margo, I'd like you to keep your mind on some new kind of act. What I'd like to see is some kind of act that will feature a few girls on the stage at the same time."

Margo said that she would try to think of something and then got up to leave. She didn't like the idea of getting together with Nina for a truce talk, but because she felt a strong sense of loyalty to Sam and the Vegas Burlesque Theatre, she decided that she would do her utmost to cement her relations with Nina. With this in mind, she hurried backstage to discuss the matter with Jenny and Cherry.

Chapter 2

TROUBLE IN THE WINGS

When Margo arrived backstage, Jenny and Cherry were already in her dressing room. Jenny had on her costume because she was scheduled to go on in five minutes. Cherry was in street clothes.

"Well, how did it go?" they chorused. "What did Sam have to say? Will he get rid of Nina?"

"Sorry, girls," said Margo, and she explained exactly what had transpired between herself and Sam Tompkins. Both Jenny and Cherry were bitterly disappointed. They had hoped that Sam would take some positive steps toward eliminating their nemesis, Nina. Margo told them that they would have to make still another effort to get along with Nina and her cohorts.

Her own idea, she explained, was to meet Nina privately, the next day, and have a long, heart to heart talk with her. Cherry sneered in

disbelief. "Seeing is believing," she said. "You tell me all about it after it's over. Right now I have to go home." Shortly after this she left, leaving Margo with Jenny.

Jenny was more hopeful than Cherry. "Don't worry," she told Margo. "I'm sure everything will work out as long as you're in there trying. But right now I have to go on. How do you like my costume?"

Jenny twirled around before Margo. She wore a red sequined halter and panty outfit. From her waist hung many long strands of green beads which swung out as she turned. She was very attractive and Margo told her so. Jenny was quite a striking girl and had a solid future in burlesque. She was only 22 years old but could boast of a rabid following of fans. Her hair was jet black. She had a pixie-type face with a short turned up nose. However, there was nothing pixie-like about her body. A full, firm 44-inch bust surmounted a lithe 22-inch waist. Her 42-inch hips, when they chumed in motion during her performance, were a marvel of precision action and balance.

"Go out there and knock them dead," Margo said. Jenny laughed and left to do her act. Now only one thing remained for Margo to do and that was to find Nina and arrange a meeting with her.

Margo found Nina alone in her dressing room. She told Nina what she had come for and was met by Nina's usual caustic sarcasm. By great effort, Margo was able to restrain herself from leaping across the room at this woman. She would have loved to have yanked Nina's red hair for five to ten minutes. Instead she got Nina to agree to meet her at Nina's hotel room later that evening.

In the meantime, while Margo was engaged in discussion with Nina, Jenny was doing her number on stage. The audience was unfortunately filled to only one-quarter of its capacity. This, however, did not deter Jenny from performing to the very limits of her ability. Her bumps and grinds were executed with artistry. Her midrift seemed to be capable of functioning like an instrument set apart from the rest of her body, with its erotic undulations and sinuous movements. Her long legs stepped smartly in place about the stage and were a joy to behold. As a customer had once remarked about Jenny: she had class.

As she finished her act, Jenny stepped rapidly backwards, her soft breasts bobbing as she did so. The curtain fell and Jenny replaced her pasties on the tips of her large, pointed breasts. She also picked up her panties from where they had fallen and put them on over her G-string. Then she turned to go to her dressing room. No less than one second after she had turned a heavy sand-bag had crashed from overhead and landed on the very spot where she had stood.

With a gasp of shock, Jenny's eyes opened wide. The first thing that she thought was that someone must have released the bag, which was used to hold the stage props overhead. Then she noticed Gwen, on the far wing of the stage, hurrying by. No one else was around the ropes that held up the props, so Jenny decided that Gwen must have known something about what had happened. She ran to catch up to her.

Gwen was also in costume. She had done a number just before Jenny. Gwen was a typical Hollywood-type luscious blonde. She seemed to be composed entirely of curves and softness. She had blue eyes and a face that contained a look of naive, adolescent innocence. She looked surprised when Jenny confronted her.

"Why, whatever are you talking about," she said. "I don't know anything about any little old sand-bag."

Jenny, whose life had just come close to being snuffed out, was of a different mood. She could not believe that Gwen did not either release that bag herself or see someone else do it. She told her so, in loud, definite terms. Gwen snorted.

Her answer to Gwen was a curse and a sharp slap across her face. Jenny had not intended to get into a fight like this but her rage had led

up within her until it could no longer be pent up. But Gwen must have been prepared for something like this for she retaliated within an instant with a lusty barrage of stinging slaps.

The two girls immediately came to grips in a clear case of blonde versus brunette. They were well matched since each was of approximately the same size and weight. The fact that each girl was also on opposing sides, Jenny with Margo and Gwen with Nina, only added fuel to their growing fire.

They presented a bizarre sight as they struggled together, each girl in her burlesque costume. Jenny was skimpily donned in red pasties and panties, while Gwen wore simply green ones.

They clutched at one another's throat, and held each other's neck in a choking grip. Reddish blotches quickly appeared where their fingers coarsely gripped into unprotected flesh. Guttural sounds emerged in choked gasps from their mouths. Gwen was getting the better of it. She was slowly forcing Jenny back. Her thumbs were digging into the sides of Jenny's neck. Jenny found that her back was being bent over. She released her own grip on Gwen's neck and tried to break Gwen's grip. Her fingernails scratched across the backs of Gwen's hands and arms. Gwen's grip weakened. Then Jenny actually punctured her sharp nails into the fleshy part of Gwen's

forearm. Gwen's head was thrown back as her mouth emitted an ear-shattering shriek of pain.

More cautiously now, the two girls once again circled one another. Their lips were drawn back in an angry snarl of hate.

Again they launched themselves together. Their bodies crashed together this time, bosom to bosom, as though each girl secretly hoped that the savage impact would knock her opponent unconscious. They grappled together, each looking for a good grip to bring down the other. Jenny's arms went around Gwen's back. Gwen instead encircled Jenny's neck with her right arm. Twisting slightly to her side, she was able to secure Jenny in a very capable headlock. Jenny's own arms were now about Gwen's waist, but she was unable to do anything effective.

Gwen began to apply pressure. Her arm tightened and Jenny found that she was being choked once again. Only this time she was not able to get her nails into Gwen's arms as she had done before. Her hands roved desperately over Gwen's body, looking for a way to break the head-lock she had on Jenny. Finally reaching up Gwen's back, Jenny caught her fingers in Gwen's hair. Getting a good, fast grip, she suddenly pulled Gwen's head backwards by her hair while she at the same time she drew up her leg and kicked Gwen behind the crook of one knee.



Gwen's legs flew up from beneath her and her body hit the ground with a sickening thud. Jenny was not one to lose an opportunity, and immediately dropped her whole body flush on top of Gwen. She scrambled wildly over Gwen, trying to pin her down, but Gwen resisted her just as wildly.

The two began to roll over and over. They propelled themselves with such fierce momentum, that they rolled their locked bodies into one of the unused dressing rooms where they continued to battle. Their bodies were by now shiny and slick and covered with perspiration. It made it difficult to hold a grip as they slipped against one another. Jenny finally managed to twist around and in one quick movement clasp her strong thighs around Gwen's head. She clutched her legs tightly together in their scissors grip, thinking that she would soon end this fight. However, she did not reckon with Gwen's own quick reactions. Before Jenny could even concentrate on the grip she had, Gwen's long legs suddenly snapped forward and around Jenny's head. Once again the brawl had become equalized, as the two girls, facing opposite each other, had one another in an identical wrestling hold. Rolling over in this position was more difficult, but these two tireless wildcats managed to do it. They tumbled to and fro about the room, their faces locked between one another's legs. Finally, as though by silent mutual consent, they released their grips.

Once again they rose to their feet, more slowly this time, to face one another. Their heavy breasts rose and fell rapidly as the two girls panted from their exertions. This time they were very cautious, looking for an opening. Suddenly Gwen's foot lashed out. Jenny had not at all expected it, and caught Gwen's high heel shoe right in the pit of her stomach. She doubled over clutching herself — only to receive another kick that caught her on one shoulder. Realizing that she had to fight back or be beaten, Jenny just as quickly swung her own leg up. Her heel punched into Gwen's thigh. She would have a black and blue mark there for days. But the pain that Gwen felt only served to enrage her further. Again and again she lashed out with her feet. And for every kick she delivered, Jenny returned one. It was a terrifying and bloody battle.

In the midst of this battle, Jenny changed her tactics. As Gwen, her face distorted by pain and hate, launched a high kick, Jenny stepped quickly back and caught Gwen's foot in midair in her hands. Grasping it tightly, she lifted it high in the air, so that Gwen's whole leg was stretched upright. Then, putting one hand on Gwen's stomach, Jenny shoved with all her strength and propelled Gwen backwards. Gwen hit the floor with a great, resounding crash. Her impact was so heavy she actually rocked the walls of the small room, and as she did dislodged a heavy glass vase that was set upon a protruding shelf directly above

Jenny's head. It was an unlucky circumstance that brought it down with great force on Jenny's forehead. The smash of the blow was the last thing that Jenny remembered.

At least ten minutes had passed wherein Jenny had been completely unconscious. When she finally groggily came to, she saw Margo kneeling by her side. "What happened?" Margo asked. "I heard a terrible sound and I came in to investigate. As I approached this room I saw Gwen running away. Then I found you like this."

Jenny explained what happened with a rush of words. She described her fight with Gwen and why it started. "She tried to kill me," cried Jenny.

Margo's eyes had narrowed to angry slits. She was furious. Her confrontation with Nina could not be delayed any longer. "That does it," she said to Jenny. "I'm going to see Nina right now. We'll have this out once and for all." With that, she got up and headed immediately for Nina's hotel.

Chapter 3

THE SHOWDOWN

Margo's angry mood had sustained itself all the way to Nina's hotel. She was still fuming as she strode through the lobby. When she reached Nina's room, she rang the buzzer in a long, continuous, annoying way.

Nina finally opened the door. "So it's you," she said, in a clearly irritated tone. "What are you doing here so soon?"

Despite the fact that Nina partially barred the entrance to her doorway with her body, Margo pushed her way inside and walked to the center of the room. She whirled on Nina. "You know damn well why I've come here. One of your girls, Gwen it was, attacked Jenny. She nearly killed her with a sandbag. I suppose that's your idea of friendly competition."

"I don't know what you're talking about," snapped Nina. "I thought you wanted to have a friendly conference. At least that's what you said.

But from the way you're acting, I guess you'd just as soon have an unfriendly one. Well, if you want to play it rough, that's O.K. with me."

Margo stepped up to Nina and stared unflinchingly into her eyes. Her expression was cold and ruthless. Nina's lips were curled into a malicious sneer. Her whole attitude indicated that she could not be very easily intimidated. An air of tacit expectancy hovered about these two sensual amazons. Each was strong-willed and accustomed to having her way. Each refused to give an inch. Their heavy, rounded breasts rose and fell slowly with their breathing.

"Nina," said Margo in even, measured tones, "I want you to promise me right now that there will be no more accidents happening to my girls. This can't continue any longer. This has to be settled right now."

"I'm sorry," nastily replied Nina, "I can't give you any such promise. In fact, I'm already tired of looking at your ugly face. I think we've talked enough for one night. Now, if you'll excuse me, I left my shower running."

"I'm not leaving," said Margo, "until you answer one question to my satisfaction. Why do you have it in for me? What did I ever do to you?"

This question seemed to set Nina off. She began to speak as though there were a great pres-

sure behind her words. She became almost semi-hysterical. "What did you ever do to me? Ha, that's a hot one. You just tried to take away my job, that's all. I was number one at the Vegas theatre until you came along. Big deal! The girl with the 48 bust. You may have the quantity, girlie, but you certainly don't have the quality. I don't know why Sam thinks you're so hot — unless maybe you're doing some special after-hours work for him. . . ."

"That's a lie," shouted Margo. "I see now. You're nothing but a jealous old bag, who can't stand up to some honest competition. The trouble with you is that you're yellow. . . ."

"Nina exploded. "I'll show you who's yellow," she screamed. She lashed out with both of her hands against Margo. Her sudden attack overwhelmed Margo, who stumbled back with her hands upraised, trying to defend herself as best she could.

Nina raged like a wild demon. She shrieked and cursed obscenely. Margo had been completely taken aback. By the time she had recovered her wits she found herself in the disadvantageous position of being pressed against the wall by Nina. Nina held Margo's blonde hair in one hand while with her other hand she repeatedly assaulted Margo's face and body. Margo, of course, could no longer back up. She therefore did the next best thing and drew in close.

Throwing her arms about Nina, Margo clutched herself closely to Nina's body. She clung to her desperately while she tried to catch her breath. Unable to get directly at Margo's face, Nina commenced pounding her back with her clenched fists. Suddenly Margo twisted and flung Nina to the floor. Nina bounced there awkwardly, her legs flung wide, her skirt having slid up to her hips.

Margo's body virtually soared through the air as she jettisoned herself toward Nina. She landed flush upon her body with a loud smack, like that of meat hitting a table. The impact knocked the breath from both of them. Margo had thought she could hold her advantage by remaining on top, but she had underestimated Nina. Squirming, struggling and twisting, Nina managed to slip from under Margo. They rolled over and over the plush rug several times.

At one point they stopped, as they lay facing one another, side by side, and vented their anger by gripping greedy handfuls of one another's hair. They pulled each other's hair viciously and without pity. They drove their silken clad knees into one another's abdomens with savage abandon. Margo heard a loud rip as her dress tore up the side. Nina's dress had already been hiked up about her waist.

Still holding a fierce grip on each other's hair, they struggled to their feet. The battle be-



gan almost anew. Slapping and punching at one another, they began to stagger about Nina's apartment. Struck by a solid blow along the side of her face, Nina found that she was reeling through a doorway. Margo followed up her advantage and rained slaps across Nina's face. Left, right, left, right, left, right. Her arms flailed ceaselessly before her. Nina continued to stumble backwards before the onslaught and bumped into her bathroom door which swung open before her weight. Inside, her shower was running covered by a shower curtain.

Margo perceived none of this. She was solely intent upon destroying Nina. Holding her fast by her red hair once again, Margo raked her sharp nails across Nina's eyes. Nina leaped backwards to escape further such punishment. As she did she fell directly into her running shower, tearing down the shower curtain with the momentum of her body.

Nina was caught in her tub awkwardly as the water showered down upon her. She spluttered with rage as she became thoroughly soaked. Watching this Margo was unable to stop herself from laughing out loud. This served to stimulate Nina to swift action. Struggling out of the tub, Nina leapt at Margo. She grabbed the front of Margo's dress. Holding fast, she spun Margo around her so that Margo tripped and fell into the same tub. Now it was Margo's turn to become completely drenched.

Nina tried to hold Margo in the tub by placing her foot on Margo's midrift, but Margo was by now so slippery with wetness that she easily twisted out. Lunging at Nina, Margo caught her about the waist with her arm. Her charge carried the two of them out of the door and back into the other room.

They hit the floor together, their damp bodies squirming against one another. Their dresses, which were thoroughly soaked, were plastered against their bodies. This, however, did not prevent them from continuing their brawl every bit as viciously as before.

Nina had somehow managed to get astride Margo. She straddled Margo and then twisted her long legs around her. Margo found that she could not buck free of her. As they twisted and struggled together, their wet dresses began to give at the seams and were torn open in a dozen places. Nina entwined her fingers into Margo's matted hair and began to crack Margo's head against the floor. Margo began to scream with helplessness.

It was at this precise moment that Nina's front door swung open and a number of strange people ran in. "What's going on?" someone yelled. "Break it up," said another. Attracted by the violent noise of the fight, some tenants and the hotel detective had come in to investigate what was happening.

The two girls were on their feet, being held apart by the intruders. "Lucky for you these people came in," shouted Nina. "I just about had you beaten. Don't press your luck again."

"Have it your own way," answered Margo, "but one of us is going to have to leave the Vegas theatre. Let's leave it up to Sam tomorrow."

"That's all right with me," said Nina, and the two girls parted.

Chapter 4

STAGE FRIGHT

The next day when Sam Tompkins came backstage before the show began to see that all the girls were ready and in their places, his blood ran cold. None of the girls were in costume. They were all standing around in their regular street clothes, muttering to one another, some of them giving hostile glances to others.

"What is this?" yelled Sam. "Are you girls crazy? The curtain is going up in ten minutes. Why aren't you dressed? What's going on?"

Noe one of the girls answered. They all stood there staring at Sam with angry expressions on their faces. Finally Margo stepped forward.

"I hate to do this to you, Sam," she said, "but this is a two-way strike. Me and my girls refuse to go on tonight if Nina and her sluts are also going to be on. She feels the same way about it. It's either them or us. I'm afraid that you're going to have to make up your mind, Sam,

as to who you want." She looked over at Nina with a hate-filled gaze.

"No," said Sam, "this can't be true. This must be a bad dream, and when I wake, it will be all over. Please tell me you don't mean it, girls. Don't you have any feelings for the traditions of show business?"

"Cut the comedy," snapped Nina. "This is no joke. What Margo said goes double for me. We're not going on so long as those no good pigs are still working for you. Get rid of them, Sam, and keep us. We'll put on a show that will put you back in business." A chorus of affirmative cries arose from the group of girls who had formed now to one side of the stage behind Nina. On the other side was Margo's group.

"Sam," said Margo, "if you fire any of my girls, I'll see to it that you're blackballed by every top stripper in the country. No one will work for you."

"Please, girls, please," cried Sam, "you have me in the middle here. What can I do? Give me a break. If business picks up, I'd double your salaries, just to keep all of you. Don't do something hasty.

"Look, Margo," said Nina, her words spilling over with pure venom, "why don't you stop threatening Sam and mind your own business?"

Margo stepped forward to where Nina stood. She confronted her directly, her face only inches from Nina's. "I've had just about enough of you," she said in measured tones. "Why don't you just fly away on your broom?"

"Girls, please," Sam interceded again. "Don't fight. Look, the curtain has to go up in less than five minutes. There are customers out there. Please, cooperate. Now, I'm going out there for a minute and when I come back I'm going to run up the curtain. So get ready."

Sam left hurriedly by the left wing of the stage. His face was flushed and perspiration ran freely down his cheeks. The girls in the meantime had gathered themselves into two angry clusters of women. Margo and Nina faced one another. Behind Margo stood Jenny and Cherry, ready for anything that might occur. Behind Nina, Gwen and Lily glowered menacingly at Margo. Suddenly a great silence settled over the stageful of girls.

Tension such as this could not endure very long. It was snapped abruptly as Nina struck the first blow of the battle. She drew her arm all the way back and swung her open palm in a wide round-house slap to Margo's right cheek. It cracked with a sharp, nasty sound. Margo's cheek reddened, but she nevertheless smiled. This show-down was exactly what she had been looking forward to.

"Nina, you will live to regret this day," Margo said, as though in prophesy. Then she addressed the group of girls. "I don't want any interference in this fight. Let no one break it up. I'm going to take Nina apart."

Nina smiled mockingly at Margo. "Big words coming from a little girl," she said. "Baby, if you can beat me, I'll work for Sam without bothering you or your girls any more."

"You're on," said Margo. "You can't back down now." And the two voluptuous strippers began to cautiously circle one another. Nina had a twisted smile of gross self-confidence on her face. She felt quite sure that she would beat Margo in a fair fight.

Margo struck out first. She was anxious to begin and couldn't restrain herself for even one more second. She slapped out with one hand and then the other. Nina tried at first to ward off Margo's angry blows but was unable to stem the flood of slaps. Her cheeks reddened and flecks of blood appeared at the corner of her mouth. Margo unleashed her flailing arms in a violent maelstrom of fury.

Nina finally managed to launch a counter-attack after absorbing stinging punishment from Margo's flashing palms. She entwined the fingers of her left hand into Margo's long blonde tresses



and jerked down. She pulled Margo's head forward and down and held it there with her right hand. Then she viciously drew up her knee in Margo's face. The skirt of her dress slid up her creamy thigh as her silken clad knee impacted against Margo's face. But modesty could not restrain Nina at this point, although her pink panties were clearly exposed as well as the black garter belt which were clipped to her black silk stockings. Twice more she drew up her knee. Margo screamed wildly and in retaliation dug her red lacquered nails into the inside of Nina's soft, exposed thigh.

It was Nina's turn to scream now, and she did so — loudly. She did not try to raise her leg again. Instead she jerked and pulled in wild fury on Margo's hair. Back and forth she twisted it. Margo clasped a firm grip in Nina's hair and also tugged fiercely. It was now a straightforward woman-to-woman hairpulling match.

Neither girl asked for quarter nor gave any. They staggered about the stage, lurching from one side to the other, hunched forward, their heads bobbing and jerking, with their violent hairpulling. Each would stumble forward a few steps and then stumble back a few steps. As they moved about in their fierce combat, their great breasts jiggled and swayed beneath their blouses. It seemed as though each girl was out to completely scalp the other. They literally hung on to one another's hair, their

foreheads placed together, facing one another. Their legs were placed in an awkward, wide-legged stance. Their skirts, which were too tight for this kind of activity, had slid half-way up their thighs. Minutes passed as each girl tried to ruin the other's crowning glory. By this time they were both panting and grunting lustily.

Unable to continue in this way any longer, both girls fell into a tight clinch. Their arms caught about each other's bodies. Margo's blouse buttoned down the back and Nina's clawing fingers caught there. With a shower of buttons, Nina ripped open Margo's blouse with one hand. Her other hand caught in the front neckline and snatched downward. Within seconds Margo was utterly divested of her blouse, whereas Nina's, although in shreds, was still on.

Margo pulled away from Nina. Her massive breasts, tightly contained in her exposed black brassiere, jutted out ponderously. Just as suddenly as she pulled away, she launched herself back. Her fingers snared into the tatters of Nina's blouse. Margo was bent on evening the score. With several lusty pulls by Margo, Nina was quickly revealed in a pink brassiere. Her huge bust rose and fell with her labored breathing. They circled one another again.

With a sharp cry of rage, Nina resumed the battle by throwing herself at Margo's midrift.

Nina intended to tackle Margo and bring her down to the floor. Margo, however, had anticipated this and braced herself instead for the onslaught. Nina's arms encircled Margo's waist. Her fingers clutched tightly into the fleshy portions of Margo's anatomy. But Margo would not allow herself to be brought down. Instead she grabbed Nina's head, which was at the level of her stomach, by its hair with one hand and with her other hand repeatedly clawed Nina's face.

Nina tried to defend herself against Margo's sharp, scratching nails by burying her face into Margo's skirt. However, she soon found that Margo was yanking mercilessly on her hair again. Nina tried to drop to the floor, but in so doing pulled Margo's dress over her hips and thighs and down around her ankles. Since her skirt was at this point only an impediment, Margo stepped out of it as Nina rolled out of harm's way. Nina tried to rise in order to engage Margo in combat again but before she was able to, Margo had leapt upon her back like some huge jungle cat. Nina was knocked flat upon the floor. She lay there helplessly as Margo straddled her back and raked her nails across Nina's body. Nina experienced agonizing pain all across her back. She bucked and kicked in a desperate attempt to dislodge Margo from her prostrate body.

Margo clung to Nina's back like some wild demented creature. She was an incredible sight

in her black brassiere and panties, her garter-belt and black silk stockings, as she crouched over Nina, with her long blonde hair hanging down over her face right on to Nina's own head. It was her hanging hair that proved to be her undoing. In a last desperate maneuver, Nina managed to grab hold of Margo's hanging hair. With a surge of anger-driven strength, she jerked forward and pulled Margo off her back on to the floor beside her.

Now the battle was more even again. Hungry for revenge, Nina rolled herself over to gain an advantageous position on top of Margo. She discovered, as she did so, that her own skirt had been totally shred from her hips. She was clothed now only in her pink brassiere and panties. She threw herself on top of Margo and the battle was rejoined on the floor.

The two girls presented an incredible tangle of arms and legs. Blonde and red hair seemed thoroughly intermingled. Lush thighs were tightly interlocked as each girl now sought a final victory.

Their voluptuous bodies, locked tightly together, bounced and spun crazily around the floor. Now Margo would be on top and then Nina would assume top position. Neither seemed to be able to gain a significant advantage over the other. But so eager was each of these

girls to destroy the other that they were able to fight on without slacking in their efforts. Nina finally managed to straddle herself around Margo's midriff. She locked her thighs on each side of Margo's hips. Despite her best efforts, Margo was unable to throw Nina from her position. Nina began to rain blow after blow on Margo's face, while Margo did her best to ward them off.

In the meantime, the girls who had been watching this titantic struggle had themselves become aroused and impatient. Although they had been screaming encouragement to the battling twosome, some angry jostling had occurred and more than one invective had been shouted from one girl to the other.

Jenny was the first to break. Unable to contain herself any longer, she virtually flew at Nina who was straddling Margo.

The impact of Jenny's solid body knocked Nina from her perch atop Margo's waist. Jenny scrambled with Nina a bit but, because she had the advantage of surprise, was able to hold herself on top of Nina. She dug both of her hands deep into Nina's red hair and pulled wildly on it. Then she began to methodically bang it up and down upon the floor. The back of Nina's head cracked against the floor.

Suddenly, however, Jenny felt her dress being torn from her body from behind. Gwen had

come up behind her, clutching at her in a wild fury, trying to tear her off Nina. Her clawing fingers had caught in Jenny's dress' sheer fabric, which was a loosely buttoned, one-piece affair, and it came apart with very little effort. Jenny spun around to face her new antagonist. Since she was on her knees, she grabbed at Gwen's dress in the attempt to pull herself up. At the same time she tried to humiliate Gwen by exposing her by tearing her dress from her body. She was successful in this endeavor for by the time she had pinched, and clawed, and scratched herself upright, Gwen found herself clad only in her wispy pale-green brassiere and panties.

Once on their feet, black-haired Jenny and blonde-haired Gwen launched themselves at one another and another fight was on. Seizing one another by the hair with one hand, they savagely raked their fingernails across each other's faces with their free hand.

Margo and Nina had in the meantime resumed their own battle. With their long limbs tightly entwined, they were rolling across the floor again, screaming, scratching and slapping. Their energy seemed indefatigable.

The remained girls no longer were able to remain idle spectators. Lilly broke the spell that bound her contingent of girls by giving vent to a coarse yell: "C'mon, girls! Let's kill them.

Let's rip them apart. Get them. Get them." And so the two forces were joined in a massive conflict. Within two seconds the stage was filled with twenty screaming, wild, fighting females. It was like a scene from Dante's Inferno. Lilly sought out Cherry, and the two giant-busted women fell into an angry, squirming clinch. Everywhere about the stage, girls paired off in wild battle. The din was of unbelievable intensity.

Girls everywhere were locked together in every conceivable fighting grip — and even in some inconceivable ones. Screams and curses rent the air. Clothes were being torn and ripped and ragged fragments of clothing were flung through the air. The girls bit, kicked, clawed, punched, scratched, slapped, and pinched one another in a frenzy of fighting fury. Legs were entwined, hair was being pulled, arms were wound together, and bodies crushed together. In some areas there were clumps of six or eight girls engaged in a mass fight. And throughout it all, slowly but surely, the girls had stripped themselves of their clothing.

By this time Cwen and Jenny had fallen to the floor, rolling about wildly, legs thrashing and kicking. Both girls were quite evenly matched, and therefore each found it very difficult to overcome the other. Each of the girls had wickedly long and sharp fingernails and to a great extent these two fought a vicious clawing battle.



Their backs and arms were bloody from scratch marks, but despite this they would not desist from raking their nails across each other's faces.

A ferocious battle was taking place between Cherry and Lilly. Although slower and less energetic than the other girls, these two made up for it by engaging in a more sustained straining, wrestling fight. The two were locked in a close clinch. They had by now been down and up off the floor a half dozen times. Their clothing had been long since ripped from their bodies. These two voluptuous females, with their massive 50 inches swaying before them, presented perhaps the most striking sight of all.

Cherry and Lilly's legs were intertwined as each girl sought to trip the other up. Cherry had slipped her leg between Lilly's fleshy thighs and had hooked her leg behind the knee around Lilly's leg. Lilly at the same time had also hooked one of her own legs around Cherry's other leg, behind the knee. They were balanced very precariously as their arms were wound about one another's bodies. Breast to breast they struggled, heaving and panting, locked in a double bear-hug. Such a position, of course, could not be long maintained and the two tightly enmeshed bodies described a long, slow arc as they fell to the floor in one another's arms. But the fall did not even break their grip.

They hit the floor rolling, first one on top and then the other. They somehow maintained their crushing grips. Cherry finally managed to stay on top of Lilly by spreading her legs wide apart on either side of Lilly. She then began to squeeze Lilly tighter in the hope of crushing her breath from her lungs. Lilly was confident that she could do the same thing and so she returned with a fierce crushing grip of her own. Their breath came from their mouths in harsh gasps. Their mammoth breasts flattened together. Still they squeezed tighter and tighter, relenting not one iota.

It is hard to say how such a fight might possibly end. It is probably that it could only end with both women swooning in one another's arms. However, as it turned out, at that moment Margo and Nina, who were slapping it out face to face on their feet, tripped and fell over Lilly and Cherry, which served to break their clinch.

The four beautiful women scrambled furiously on the floor together, each grabbing at another's hair.

The four bodies then merged together into one solid mass of squirming, fighting female flesh. The sweaty group of bodies seemed inextricably locked together. The tangled heap of flesh writhed round and round. Margo found herself lying on top of Lilly with a good grip on Lilly's hair. Lilly at the same time was yanking on Cherry's hair with

one hand while she scratched Margo's neck with the other. Cherry somehow seemed to be on Margo's back, while Nina was sort of laying to the side of the three of them with her firm, long legs twisted about Margo's waist. The legs were tightening and Margo found herself gasping for help. Cherry was able to do that by reaching over and getting a double handful of Nina's red hair.

Each of the four struggling girls seemed to have a grip in someone else's hair. As their bodies squirmed together they engaged in an unbelievable four-way hairpulling match. Hair was jerked, yanked and actually pulled out. So vicious and primitive was their struggle that as they pulled one another's heads from side to side, they actually knocked their own heads together, at one point all four coming together at once.

But this incredible scene was to become even more incredible, for Jenny and Gwen, who were still embroiled in their own conflict, had rolled toward the group of four struggling women. With a squeal and a shriek they crashed into them and became part of the quivering mound of struggling flesh. It would have been impossible to tell whose leg belonged to who, so wildly interlocked were their legs and thighs. And through the whole furious melee, an ascending cacaphony of shrieks and moans, yelps and grunts, filled the air.

As though the six brawling burlesque queens were some strange sort of magnet, the remaining

girls seemed drawn to them. By the two's and four's and six's the rest of the battling strippers stumbled or rolled toward them until finally twenty bodies were threshing together in a chaotic, squirming mess. The punishment that was now being doled out en masse could not be absorbed for very long. The mere weight of the combined bodies was more than many of the girls could stand. The battle had reached its crescendo.

Deep in the center of the brawling gang of women, Margo felt as though a thousand hands were tearing at her. She was quite sure that there were at least six hands knotted into her long hair, all pulling in different directions. She felt someone's teeth sinking into her right leg, but she was so tightly imprisoned by the bodies of the other girls that she was unable to kick out or move her leg away. Someone's fingers were cruelly pinching at the more tender portions of her flesh, but she would never know who it was.

The limits of endurance had been reached. With harsh, coarse gasps, girls tumbled and fell to the side, still and unmoving, the last ounce of fight having been beaten from their bodies. Two girls on the periphery of the battling group fainted dead away still locked together in a vicious embrace. Bodies were scattered about with arms and legs akimbo. Soft moans and sobs were heard.

As the group began to slowly dissolve, the final struggling pairs of girls began to emerge.

Jenny found herself with her strong thighs holding a scissors grip around Gwen's neck. Gwen's face was blushing red and her eyes bulged. With her last surge of strength, Jenny squeezed her legs together and Gwen lost consciousness. Having finally triumphed, Jenny, too, swooned away.

Cherry and Lilly were locked together in the last throes of their titanic struggle. Cherry was lying directly on top of Lilly, holding her in a tight embrace. Lilly, too, held Cherry tight as each sought to squeeze the remaining breath from the other. Lilly's legs were crossed over Cherry's back as she also was trying to squeeze her waist to bring her to submission. It seemed as though they were deadlocked when Cherry suddenly lifted her head and cracked it down on Lilly's face. Once, twice, three times. Lilly's arms fell apart. She was finally out. And then so was Cherry.

Nina offered little resistance to Margo by this time. Margo had successfully straddled her, her knees upon Nina's shoulders. Nina's attempts to fight back were futile and weak. Margo sank her fingers like wire claws into Nina's hair. She drew her head up and then mercilessly cracked it down upon the floor. The fight was over.

Exhausted bodies were sprawled everywhere, in all manners of awkward positions. Some girls

lay on their backs, and some on their faces. Some girls dangled half off the stage. Then slowly it began to dawn on those girls who were not unconscious that the theatre had welled up with a strange noise. Suddenly they become aware that there was an unrestrained outburst of cheering and applause. What the girls hadn't realized until this very moment was that the curtain had been drawn up and that the seats in the audience were packed with yelling, stamping customers.

Margo drew herself up to a sitting position, still too dazed to fully appreciate what was going on. She uncomprehendingly gazed out upon a house that was packed with more customers than they had ever had before. It was at this auspicious moment that Sam Tompkins came striding out of the wings.

"Girls," he shouted, "you were great, simply great. When I came back I ran up the curtain as I told you I would. I never dreamed, though, that you had an act as great as this in mind. It was terrific. The audience caught every second of it. They loved it. People came streaming in out of the street."

"Wait a minute, Sam," said Margo. "You have it all wrong. We didn't plan this as an act. We were really fighting it out to see who would leave."

Sam's face sobered and he thought about this for a moment. Then he asked Margo if she still despised Nina. Margo replied that she did. Turning to Nina, Sam asked her if she still hated Margo. Nina also affirmed this.

"Well, then," said Sam, showing relief, "we have no problems. You won't mind getting into a fight every night. From now on that brawl is part of the act — every day, six days a week."

And so it was.

Margo stepped up to Nina and stared unflinchingly into her eyes. Her expression was cold and ruthless. Nina's lips were curled into a malicious sneer. Her whole attitude indicated that she could not be very easily intimidated. An air of taut expectancy hovered about these two sensual amazons. Each was strong-willed and accustomed to having her way. Each refused to give an inch. Their heavy, rounded breasts rose and fell slowly with their breathing.